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MY GOD DIRECTS THE STORM.

From the Knickerbocker.
The spirit of the Tempest shook
His wings of raven hue
Above the sea, and howling winds
Howled o'er the waters blue.
Up rose the mountain billows high,
And swept a stormy path;
Darkness and terror mingled there
Their ministry of wrath.
A lonely bark, by bounding seas
Tossed wildly to and fro,
Dashed o'er the billows fanning how
To fearful depths below.
Crash echoed crash!—the quivering spars,
Broke o'er the leaping waves,
And left the bark a shattered wreck,
The stormy waves to rise.
The sturdy seaman struggled hard
To hold the yielding helm,
And keep the ship's prow to the surge,
That threatened to overwhelm
And when he plunging round spun
Their impatient round,
They flew to drown their fears
In the accursed hour.
Upon the raging ocean then
Helpless was left the bark
To the wild fury of the waves,
Amidst the tempest dark.
Upon the deck, alone, there stood
A man of courage high;
A hero, from whose bosom four
Had never drawn a sigh.
With folded arms, erect he stood,
His countenance was mild,
And calmly gazing on the scene,
He bowed his head and smiled.
A wild shriek from the cabin rose—
Up rushed his faithful crew,
With looks of agony and fear,
She trembled at his hue.
"O why, my love, upon thy face,
When all is gloom and terror here,
And I must weep the while?"
No word the warrior spoke—
He drew from beneath his coat
A pistol bright, and placed it on
Against her bosom's spot.
She started, and her cheeks grew red,
As he had shrieked before;
But stood unmoved, and answered
His tranquil features o'er.
"Now why," he asked, "dost thou not start?
May not thy blood be spilt?
With sweet vengeance she replied,
"My husband holds the hit!"
"Dost wonder, then, that I am calm?
That shakes not my form?"
I never knew the while I know
My God direct the storm!"

THE NEWS-MAKER.

All that a newspaper contains, and the various tastes it is
said to gratify, its wonderful diffusion of information, and the
rapidity with which it is conveyed, are fully described by the
poet Crabbe, from the last list on at whose name we select
the following account of the brief abstract and epitome of the
day.

"Lo! where it comes a-bow the cheerful fire,
Damps from the press in smoky curls arise,
(As from the earth the sun exhales the dew.)
Ere we can read the wonders that come;
Then eager every eye surveys the part,
That brings its favorite subject to the heart;
Grave politicians look for facts above,
And gravely add conjectures of their own;
The sprightly youth, who never looks his rest,
For a stirring story, or a lively tale, spreads
Forth his little and little, but he reads them all
For songs and tales, a lullaby, or a ball;
The keen, warm man o'erlooks such idle tales,
For 'Monies with capital,' and 'Estates on Sale';
While some with quiet minds to all attend,
Pleas'd with each part, and grieved to find an end.
To this all readers turn, and they can look
Pleased on a paper, who admit a book;
Those who never deigned their Bible to peruse,
Would think it hard to be denied their news;
Sincere and saints, the wisest with the weak;
Here mingle tastes, and one amusement seek;
This, like the public run, provides a treat,
Where each promiscuous guest sits down to eat;
And such this little food, as we may call
Something to all men, and to some men all.

AMUSING ANECDOTE.

A few years ago, towards the dusk of evening,
a stranger in a travelling sulky was leisurely
pursuing his way towards a little tavern, situ-
ated near the foot of a mountain, in one of the
western states. A little in advance of him, a
negro, returning from plough, was singing the
favorite Ethiopian melody of

"Giv'n down to shun-bone ally,
Long time ago."

The stranger hailed him with "Hallo!—uncle!
—you!—snow-bull?"
"Sah?" said blacky, holding up his hos-
ses.
"Is that the Half-way House ahead yon-
der?"

"No sah, dat Massa Billy Lemon's Otel!"

"Hotel, eh?—Billy Lemon?"

"Yes, sah,—you know Mas Billy? he used
to lib at de mouf o' Cedar creek—he done move
now do—keeps monsons nice tavun now, I tell
you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, Sah; you stop dah dis ebenin I spee;
all spectable gentlemen put up dah. You chaw
backah, massa?"

"Yes, Sambo; here's some real Cavendish for
you."

"Tankee, massa, tankee sah; Quash my
name."

"Quash, eh?"

"Yes, sah, at your service. Och," grunted
the delighted African, "dis is nice; he better an
green ribber; tankee, sah, tankee."

"Well, Quash, what kind of a gentleman is
Mr. Lemon?"

"Oh, he nice man, sah, monsons nice man;—
emportin gemplemun in de fus stile, and I take
care of de houses. I longe to him, and do I
say it, Mas Billa mighty clobber man;—he funny
too—tell heep o' stories bout gosses, and
speritis, notwithstanding he fraid o' em, he sef do,
my pinion."

"Afraid of ghosts, eh?" said the traveller,
musing. "Well go ahead Mr. Quash; as it is
getting late, I'll tarry with this Mr. Lemon to-
night."

"Yes, sah; go up hoo! go long lively!" and
setting off at a brisk trot, followed by the trav-
eller, the musical Quash again broke out in

"Giv'n down to shun-bone ally—"

The burthen "Long time ago" was taken up
by some one apparently in an adjacent corn-
field, which occasioned Quash to prick up his
ears with some surprise; he continued however
with

"Dah I meet ole Johnny Gladden."

And the same voice again responded from
the field

"Long time ago."

"Who dat?" said the astonished negro, check-
ing suddenly his horses and looking round on
every side for the cause of his surprise.

"Oh, never mind; drive ahead, snow-bull,
it's some of your master's spirits, I suppose."

Quash, in a very thoughtful mood, led the
way to the tavern without uttering another word.
Halting before the door, the stranger was very
soon waited upon by the obliging Mr. Lemon,
a bustling, talkative gentleman, who greeted his
customer with

"Light, sir, light,—here, John! Quash!—
never mind your umbrella, sir,—here, Quash,
take off that rug—give me your whip, sir,—take
off that trunk—walk in, sir,—John, take out
that chair box—come sir—and carry this horse
to the stable—do you prefer him to stand on a
dirt floor, sir?"

"If you please, sir; he's rather particular
about his lodgings."

"Carry him to the lower stable, Quash, and
tend to him well—I always like to see horses
well tended, and this is a noble critter, too,"
continued the landlord, slapping him on the
back.

"Take care, will you?" said the horse,
starting back.

"None of your familiarity," said the horse,
looking spitefully around at the astonished tav-
ern keeper.

"Silence, Belzebub," said the traveller, car-
cassing the animal; and turning to the landlord,
he observed—"You must excuse him, sir, he's
rather an aristocratic horse—the effect of edu-
cation, sir."

"He's the devil, sir."

"Wo-ho, Belzebub! loose the traces, Quash;
what are you staring at? he won't eat you."

"Come landlord," said Belzebub, "I want my
oats."

Quash scattered—the landlord backed up in-
to the porch, and the traveller was fain to
jump into his vehicle and drive round in search
of the stable himself. Having succeeded to his
satisfaction in disposing of his horse, he returned
to the tavern.

Anon supper came on—the eggs had all ap-
parently young chickens in them—the landlord
was in confusion at such a mortifying circum-
stance, and promised the traveller amends from
a cold pig which he inserted the carving
knife into it, uttered a piercing squeal, which
was responded to by a louder one from the land-
lady. Down went the knife and fork, and the
cold perspiration began to grow in large beads
upon the forehead of the poor landlord as he
stood looking fearfully at the grunter; his atten-
tion was soon taken, however, by voices from
without, calling—

"Hilloa! house! landlord!"

"Aye, aye; coming, gentlemen—more trav-
ellers—do help yourself, sir."

"Landlord!"

"Coming, gentlemen—here, John, a light—
bring a light to the door—Sally, wait on the
gentleman,—and out the landlord bounced, fol-
lowed by John with lights; but soon returned
with a look of disappointment; he declared
there was no living being without. The voices
called again; and the landlord after going out
returned a second time declaring his belief that
the whole plantation was haunted that night by
evil spirits.

The stranger presently arose from the table
and drew his chair to the fire, having made a
pretty hearty supper from the eggs and young
porker, their cries to the contrary notwithstanding.

That night, rumor said Mr. Billy Lemon
slept with the Bible under his head, and kept a
candle burning in his chamber till morning; and
those who pass there, to this day, may upon
close examination discover the heels of old
horse shoes peering above the door casement,
as a bulwark against witches, hobgoblins and all
other evil spirits.

Having ascertained the name of his guest, in
the morning, mine host proceeded to make out
his bill—

"Mr. J. S. Kenworthy,
To William Lemon, Dr., &c. &c."

The same Mr. Kenworthy, was recently a
passenger on board the steamboat Columbia,
from Norfolk to Washington City, when the vi-
olent altercation took place in one of the berths,
between three or four different individuals, for
precedence. He is said to be something of a
vag, and withal one of the most accomplished
Ventriiloquists of the present day.—*Norfolk
Beacon.*

A POLITE SEA ROBBER.

We often read of extremely polite and gen-
tlemenly highwaymen, who rob with such mar-
vellous courtesy, that a man can hardly feel it
in his heart to withhold his purse, or ought his
goods and chattels that he may chance to have
about him. But it is quite otherwise with your
sea robbers, *alias* pirates, who are represented
as a most brutal and unfeeling set, who have not
the least dash of politeness about them, to re-
deem their characters from unmitigated odium.

Such being their general reputation, it is with
no slight feeling of relief that we read the ac-
count of so polished and courteous a villain, as
the one described below. It is extracted from
the "Adventurers of a Wanderer." He had
shipped at New Orleans, on board of the Gov-
ernor Griswold, bound to Havana and Liver-
pool, as steward.

We got (says he) under way, and proceeded
down the river until we came to a place called
the English Turn, where a boat, manned by
twelve or fourteen men, came off from the shore,
and when they had arrived within hail, they
called to us, and asked if we wanted a pilot—

The captain answered, "No;" whereupon,
the man in the stern of the boat ordered one of
the men to throw him a rope. The rope was then
handed him, and it being made fast to the boat
he came alongside. He ascended the ladder,
and came on board with all his men excepting
four, who remained in the boat. The captain
of the *Vesperadoes* was a tall man, dark com-
plexioned, terrible in aspect. His eyes were
black and piercing, his nose slightly Roman,
and he wore a huge pair of suble mustachios—

His men were a ferocious looking band, hardy
and sun burnt. He saluted the captain in a
courteous manner, and was profuse in compli-
ments.

His men, who wore long, red Indian stock-
ings, red caps, and were armed with pistols and
knives, sauntered carelessly about the deck.

The pirate captain asked our captain where
he was bound; he answered correctly, "To
Liverpool, via Havana."

Our captain then cut short our interrogation
of the pirate, by saying, "I know your busi-
ness."

The pirate then turned to our crew, and ask-
ed them what sort of usage they had received
since they left Europe.

"Tolerable," they replied, "but very little
gro."

The pirate then called for the steward. I
made my appearance. "Have you plenty of
gro on board?" inquired he.

I replied in the affirmative. "Fill up that
bucket, for the men to drink." I took up the
bucket at which he pointed, carried it into the
cabin, and filled it with liquor. I then took it
forward to the fore-cabin, where the men received
it and conveyed it below. As soon as the
crew had got below, and were assembled a-
round the bucket, the pirate placed two of his
men upon the scuttle to prevent any of the crew
from coming on deck, while he with two of his
gang stood close to the captain and mate.

"Now, steward," said the pirate, "go down
and invite all your passengers to come on deck."
I did as I was ordered. Our passengers were
a lady and two small children, and a gentleman
who had been engaged in teaching a school in
New Orleans, but having received a letter pur-
porting that the death of a near relation had left
him heir to a large fortune, and embarked for
his home, which was London.

These persons came on deck. The lady was
much frightened, but the pirate told her to
be under no apprehension, soothed her with
language which would not have disgraced the
court of Great Britain. The pirate now gave
orders to bring up the gentleman's trunk. The
trunk was laid at his feet. "Now," said he,
"bring up the captain and mate's property."

They also were produced.

He then proceeded to overhaul the captain's
trunk, which contained he is "no great shakes."

"Captain, you have a very poor kit," said
he, with a scornful smile.

The pirate then examined the passenger's
trunk. It contained about four hundred and
forty dollars in specie. In rumaging the trunk
the pirate fell in with a letter containing the in-
formation in respect to the fortune which had
been left the passenger. This letter the pirate
read, and giving a significant glance at the for-
tunate man whose direction it bore folded it up
carefully and laid it down.

He then turned to the captain, and asked him
if the man had paid his passage. "No," an-
swered the captain. "How much does his pas-
sage cost?" inquired the pirate. "Two hun-
dred and twenty dollars," replied the captain.
"That you must loose," said the pirate.

Then turning to the passenger—"You," said
he, "I will treat fairly! You will want," con-
tinued the pirate, when you arrive in Liverpool,
two dollars to pay the porter for carrying your
trunk?" he laid down the money; "your pas-
sage to London will cost you £2 10s;" he
counted it out and placed it with the two dol-
lars; "your dinner will come to five shillings
more, and you may want £2 more to treat
some of your friends," he laid down the money
with the rest, "and for fear that will not be
sufficient, here are twenty five dollars more."

He presented the amount of these several items
to the passenger, gave the remainder to one of
his gang, and told him to pass it into the boat.
He then very courteously asked the time of day.

"The captain pulled out a fine watch, and an-
swered that it was half past three. "Your
watch takes my fancy mightily," said the pirate
and taking it from the captain, he put it into his
fob with great nonchalance, and walked away
to the fore-cabin. "Come up here two of you
that are sober," said he. Two of them stum-
bled up, and the rest came reeling after.

"Go down into the cabin, and bring me up
all the small arms you can find," said the pi-
rate. The two first sailors went down, and
soon returned with an old fowling piece and a
pair of pistols.

"Now," said he, turning to the sailors, "if any
of you boys, wish to change your situation for
better pay and a shorter passage, I will give you
a chance; for rent I'm after, and rent I'll have!
But stop!" cried he, "this lady I had almost
forgotten; come here, madam, and let me hear
a little of your worldly concerns."

She immediately commenced an eloquent
harrange, accompanied with tears. She had
gone on for some time in this manner, when
the pirate immediately cried, "Avast! avast!—
there, that's enough, I'd sooner face the bat-
tery of ninety eight, than stem the torrent of
female eloquence!"

He then ordered some brandy for himself &
his men.

The liquor was brought; I poured out a glass
full for him, when he said, "Stop! captain just
be so good as to drink this off yourself! after
you are manners. I don't know what you Yan-
kee inventors may have put into this liquor—
You may have thrown an opium in the cup."

The captain drank it off readily. The pirate
eyed the captain closely for a few moments, &
then said to his followers, "Come, my boys, we
may venture," and the decanter was soon drain-
ed of its contents. The pirate then pointed to
the main top, and requested the captain to take
a walk up that way. "And you Mr. Mate,"
said he, "begin to travel up the fore-rigging—"

But mind!" said he, "stop when I tell you!"
The captain and mate had proceeded half way
up the lower rigging, when he summoned them
to halt. The captain was about stepping upon
the next ratting, when the pirate again hailed
him. "If you stir an inch backward or for-
ward," said he, "you will come down faster
than you went up." The captain looked down
saw several pistols levelled against him, ready
to be discharged on the instant. He then re-
mained stationary.

Then the pirate taking off his cap addressed
the passengers. He told them he was once
pilot himself, and therefore knew how to sym-
pathize with persons in distress. He hoped
they would be grateful for the lenity which he
had shown them, and then wishing them a pleas-
ant voyage, he stepped over the side into his
boat, and was soon lost to our view beneath the
foliage of the thick underwood which lined the
shore and hung over the green wave.

FROM THE CANNIBAL RECORDED.

A TALE OF TICONDEROGA.
Banners on high, and tatters passed below,
But those who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shreds and dust ere now,
And the black battlements shall bear no future blow.

It was a bright and beautiful morning in the year 1758,
that the army of General Abercrombie embarked on their
ill-fated expedition to Ticonderoga: one thousand and
thirty-five boats received as gallant an army as was ever
marshalled in the colonies. As far as the eye could
reach, Lake George was covered with boats, from each
of which floated the crimson folds of the ensign of Brit-
ain, and the thrilling tones of the bugle swept over the
surface of the lake, awakening noble aspirations in the
bosoms of the soldiers, and giving life and animation to
this magnificent sight. It was truly a splendid specta-
cle. Hardly a breath of wind disturbed the diamond
like surface of the lake, while the gentle waving of
plumes and the flash of steel, gave an appearance of im-
mense to the scene. There were many brave spirits en-
gaged in this expedition, who in the buoyance of youth
shouted with joy as they rose from their seats and took
a view of the immense flotilla in their rear, as it shot
now one way and then another, while the uniforms of
the soldiery glittered in the rays of an unclouded sun.
The army of Abercrombie was composed of nearly 19,

000 men, 9,000 of whom were provincials, and to this
formidable force was added a fine park of artillery, with
all the accoutrements of war; never did an army set
out under better auspices, or with greater advantages.
The object of the expedition was to reduce the fortress of
Ticonderoga, built by the French in 1756, and situated
about 200 feet above the waters of Champlain in a com-
manding position, and garrisoned by an army of 5,000
Frenchmen, who, aware of the importance of this for-
tress as a key to the whole of Canada, had made it al-
most impregnable.

But to return. The first boat of this immense fleet
contained General Abercrombie and suite, the flower of
the English army. He listened smilingly to the remarks
of his young officers, who with their golden epaulettes
and scarlet dresses almost concealed him from view—

But there was one among their number to whom he paid
marked attention. It was the young but brave Lord
Howe, who for the first time had entered the arena of
military fame; and who early fell in the cause which he
so nobly espoused. The fleet arrived at a point about
three miles south of Ticonderoga near sun down; and
the heavy but distant roar of artillery from the fortress,
proclaimed that the French were ready to give their en-
emies a warm reception. The tents were soon pitched,
sentinels placed, and the whole army, wearied with the
labor of the last twelve hours, sunk into a state of pro-
found repose. The officers generally had retired early,
rejoicing no doubt, at this short cessation from the tur-
moil of the day. But in the tent of the commander-in-
chief none were asleep. At the head of a table upon
which a naked sabre and a pair of highly polished pis-
tols lay, sat Abercrombie—his features betrayed the in-
ward workings of his spirit; and his brow wrinkled by
a thousand cares. His principal officers were around
him in full uniform, while the brilliant light of a lamp
shone upon their rich dresses with singular effect—

There was something awful in the stillness of the hour,
interrupted only by the booming heavy sound that came
from the direction of Ticonderoga. Anxiety was depict-
ed on the countenance of all the officers who surrounded
their veteran commander; and the doubtful issue of the
expedition upon which they had embarked, tended to
increase their perplexity. Abercrombie for some time
remained silent with his face buried in his hands as if
in deep anguish. Then looking around on the chival-
rous band of officers who with erect forms, and stern
countenances stood like marble statues, he spoke, "Lord
Howe, I have need of your services—are they at my
command?" The young nobleman bowed assent—

"Let the remainder keep strict watch in my absence—"
And without further ceremony the two officers pushed
their way through the astonished guard and took the di-
rection of Ticonderoga. Sentinels after sentinels
passed; and the rattling of their muskets gave sure token
of their knowledge of the presence of their superiors as
they rendered the customary mark of respect.

The night was extremely beautiful—the moon poured
a flood of light upon the calm placid waters of the lake,
while the snow-white canvass of the soldiers tents, with
the loud "all's well" of the sentinels echoing from hill
to valley, added a charm to a scene peculiarly beautiful
in itself. The two officers hurried along with great rap-
idity, unmindful of either the charms of the evening,
or the roar of the falls produced by the creek which con-
nects the waters of Lake George with those of Cham-
plain. They soon reached a level plain in the rear of
the fortress, and here prudence compelled them to pause.

Before them was that celebrated fortress where frow-
ning battlements seemed to bid defiance to human assault.
defended as it was in front by a shelving precipice, the
base of which was washed by the waters of Lake Cham-
plain; and fortified the rear by every thing that the skill
or ingenuity of man could invent. The French guards
along its massive walls, their polished arms glistening
in the moon beams, while to pass away the lonely even-
ing they either hummed some mournful ditty, or gazed upon
the beautiful sheet of water almost immediately under
their feet. Lord Howe started, when one, as if warned
of danger, turned his attention to the spot where Aber-
crombie and himself had taken their position, but he ga-
zed only for an instant and with shuddering arms resum-
ed his measured tread as if satisfied with the result of
his investigation.

While the two officers were examining the weakest
part of this stupendous fortress in order that they might
accomplish its overthrow with ease, an Indian sprung
from a tall sycamore directly in front of the Brit-
ish officers. Abercrombie laid his hand upon the hilt of
his sword, but Howe immediately recognized the Indian
as a Huron chief whose title was at that period in close
alliance with the English. "Is my brother a fool," said
the Huron, with that bitter sarcasm which is so peculiar
to the Indian, "that he stalks under the walls of Ticon-
deroga like an owl?" Abercrombie smiled and was about
to reply, when he felt the hand of the Indian chief grasp
his arm, and raised it towards the extreme part of the
fortress. The eye of Howe followed its direction; and
suddenly the sally port gate was thrown open and a
French regiment swept with full speed towards the camp
of the English. Howe returned to the camp with hasty
steps but his hand was back with his hand—

"Is my brother a deer that he can equal the Frenchmen
in a race. My people are in the valley below let me
send forth the cry of revenge." He put his hand to his
mouth and the shrill war whoop rose upon the midnight
air, and received a loud response from an hundred voices
from the valley below. The artillery of Ticonderoga
sent forth a sheet of flame toward the spot where Aber-
crombie, spell bound, rested on his sword; another vol-
ley would have been fatal, had not the Huron said, point-
ing at the same time to the French regiment almost in-
visible in the distance, "Let the footsteps of my brother
be quick, or the bones of his men will bleach in the val-
ley!"

The Indian instantly plunged into a deep ravine fol-
lowed closely by the English officers who were compel-
led to exert their utmost powers to keep near him, the
rapid were his movements, it was one wild scene of con-
fusion almost begging description. Some were under
arms and ready for defence—others entirely defenceless,
were shot down by the incessant rattling fire of a num-
ber of French; and the dark forms of the Huron war-
riors flitted about, while the cracking of their rifles told
that the midnight war-whoop of their chief had not been
in vain. Abercrombie and Howe threw themselves in
front of their terrified troops, and their presence and
command soon restored order. "Stand firm brave Gren-
adiers, doth, ready, charge." The rushing of the Gren-
adiers against the French line soon decided the contest,
—a short time against steel—the enemy's battalions, com-
pletely overwhelmed, fled in dire confusion. The Hur-
ons finished the victory by scaling their dead enemies,
and driving the routed foe back to the fortress, which,
as if conscious of the defeat, still vomited forth flames
and smoke against an unseen foe.

For sale also by the following Agents:
Francis F. Haines, Livermore—Capt. Daniel Hobbs, Fallmouth—John Miller, Esq. Warren—Kidder & Tarbell, Cambridgeport—Joel Barlingame, Detroit, M. T.
Hallowell, Jan. 1, 1836. JOB KASKELL,
copy 28

